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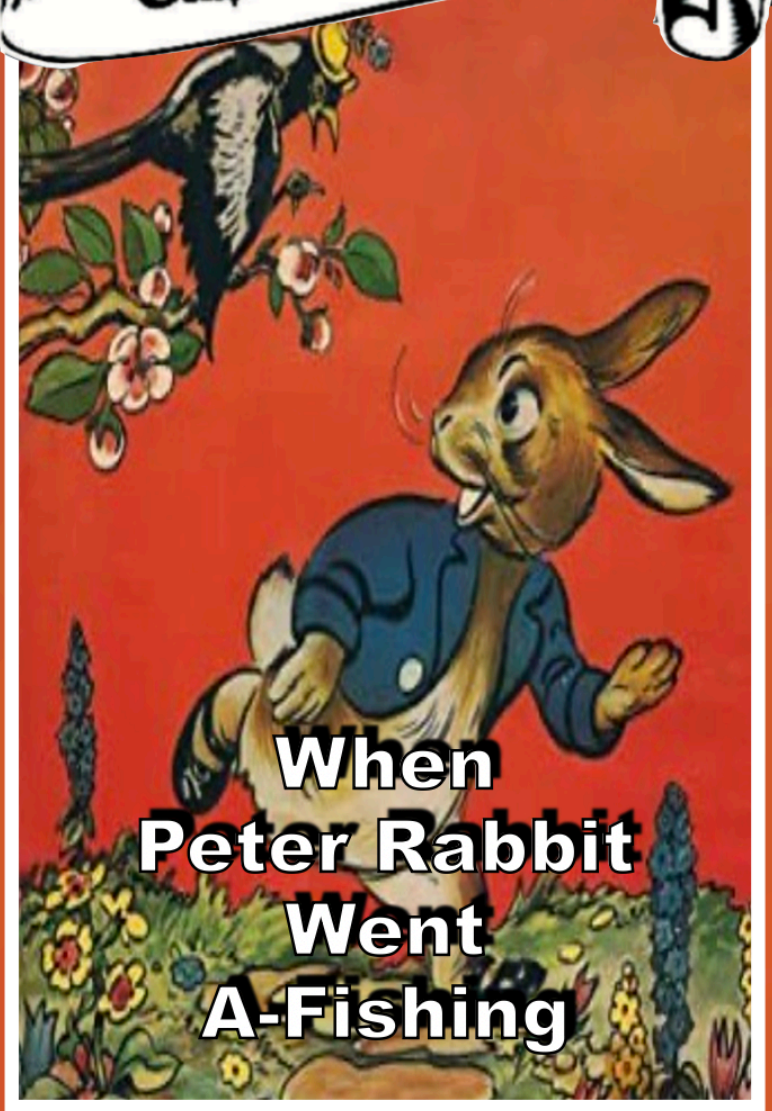

When Peter Rabbit Went A-Fishing

Linda Almond

Gunston & The Book Bunnies

The Gunston Trust

When Peter Rabbit Went A-Fishing

Linda Stevens Almond

Second Edition

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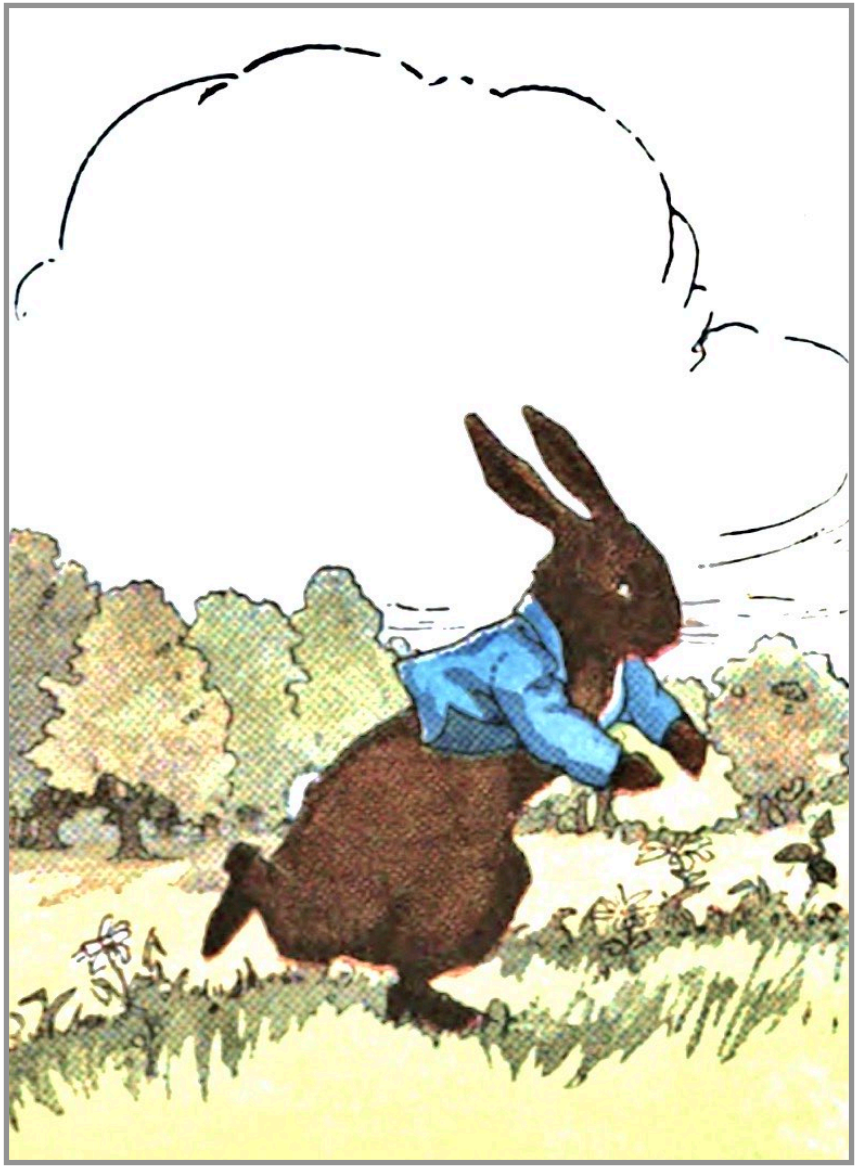


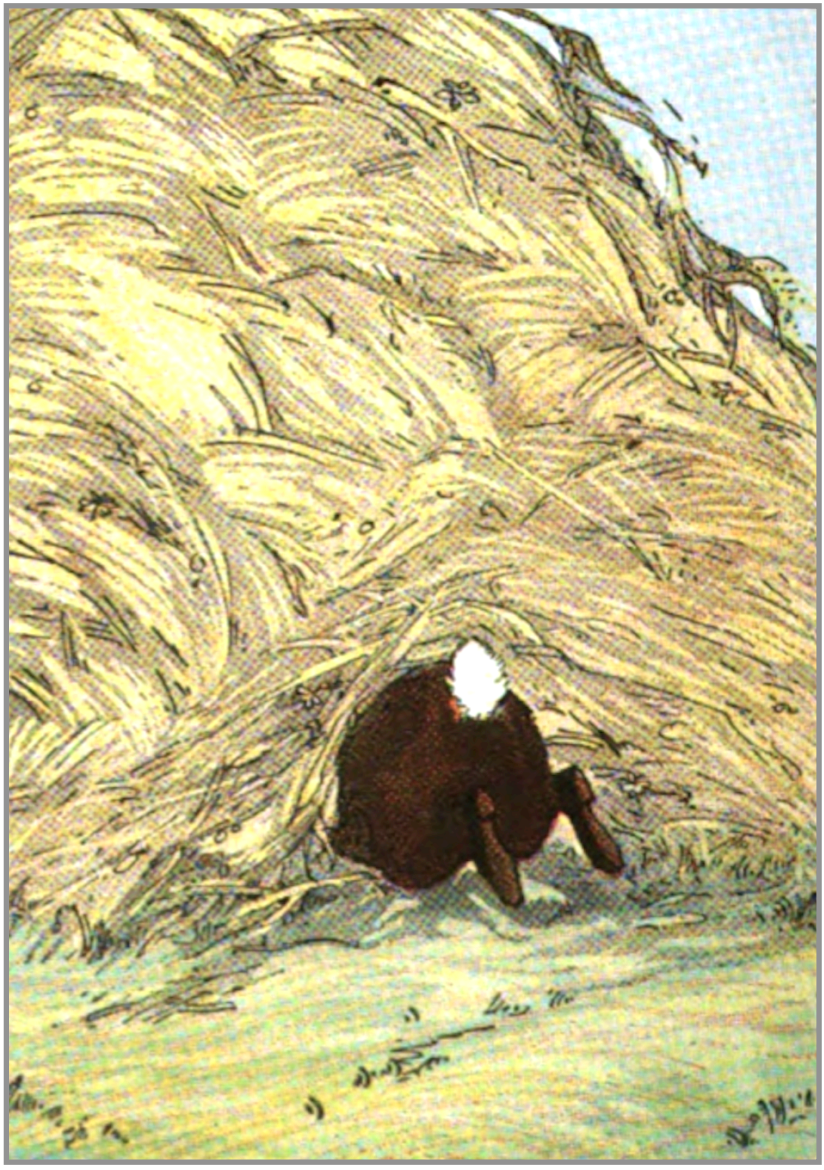
All good little girls and boys know that Peter Rabbit lived in a sand-bank under a fir-tree at the edge of a deep, deep wood.

Now Peter was always brimful of mischief, and was forever getting into all kinds of scrapes. Why, one morning he ran away before breakfast!

On and on he went. Once he got all tangled up in a briar bush and had a most dreadful time getting out of it. As it was he had to wriggle out of his little blue jacket and leave it caught tight among the sharp thorns.

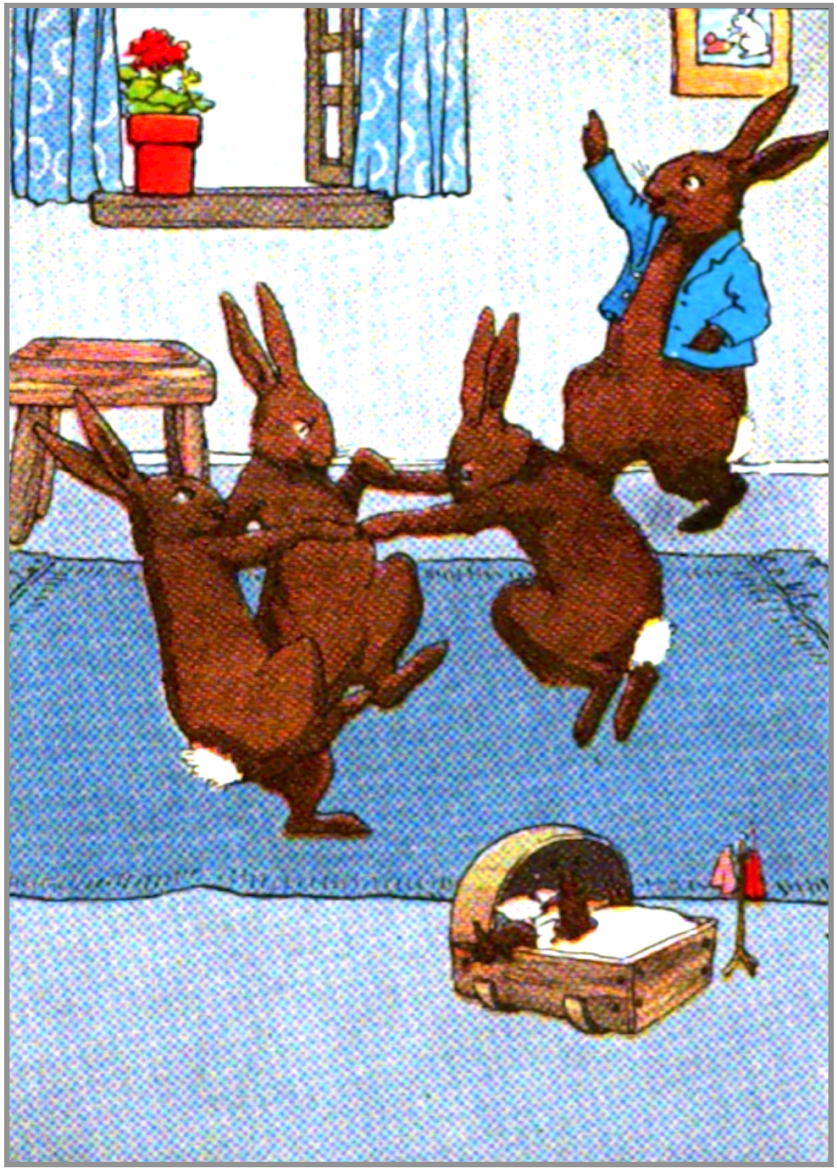
At last he came to Mr. McGregor's hayfield where he romped and frisked about, when along came Mr. McGregor's Hired Man with a horse and wagon.

The Hired Man had come to load the wagon with hay, so Peter decided that he would stay for a while and hide behind the haystack and watch him.



But gracious! when Peter saw the great big pitchfork in the Hired Man's hand he was much frightened, so he burrowed and burrowed until he got so far into the hay that there wasn't anything of him to be seen.

All of a sudden he felt himself going up, up, up in the air until presently he landed on top of the hay in the wagon. He was so scared his heart went "THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!" just like a steam engine. When the Hired Man saw a littl rabbit he was so surprised that he souted: "HAW! HAW! HAW!"



Peter quaked and quivered. Finally the Hired Man stopped laughing, and when he saw that Peter was scared almost out of his wits, he put him down on the ground.

"Skedaddle, little rabbit!" He said. "And hereafter don't play around haystacks."

When Peter was safe at home he said: "Pshaw! I wasn't scared even a little bit! It was such fun going up, up, up in the air."

As for his little blue jacket, Mrs. Tabby Cat brought it home that very night.

One morning Grandma Rabbit telephoned to invite her grandchildren to spend the day with her. When Peter heard the news he souuted:

"Hip, hip hip hooray! We're going to Grandma's to spend the day!"

When their Mother had kissed her children good-bye, they set off with a shout down the big road.

When they reached the Briar Patch Jack-the-Jumper greeted them.

"Hello, Peter Rabbit!" he cried.

"We are going to Grandma Rabbit's house to spend the day," shouted Peter. "Want to go along?"

"You bet I do," answered Jack-the-Jumper, and off they all hopped.

Before long they came to Bramble Hollow where Grandma Rabbit lived. She was just about the nicest old lady rabbit you ever laid your eyes upon. When she had kissed them all around, she gave them each a stick of candy.

She found three cunning little bunny-dolls for Flopsy, and Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, and two shiny red tops for Peter and Jack-the-Jumper.

Peter and Jack-the-Jumper were soon tired of their tops, and then Peter whishpered to Jack-the-Jumper that it would be heaps of fun to run down to Grist Mill Pond, so off he started, and Jack-the-Jumper ran after him. When Grandma Rabbit heard that Peter and Jack-the-Jumper had run off she said:

"Don't worry, children. They won't stay long because they smell me mixing batter for currant cakes.

But Peter and Jack-the-Jumper stayed away all day. And this is what happened:

As they scampered down the path towards Grist Mill Pond they met Little Miss Muffet carrying a a basket.

"Are you little rabbits on your way to the June Carnival?" Miss Muffet asked.

"Why, no," replied Peter. "We are on our way to Grist Mill Pond.

And Little Miss Muffet cried: "Oh you are going fishing with Little Tommy Tittlemouse!"

Peter pricked up his ears. "Who is Little Tommy Tittlemouse?"

"Well, listen, and you shall hear all about him!" And this is what Little Miss Muffet told them:

"Little Tommy Tittlemouse
Lives in a little house;
He catches fishes
In other folks' ditches."

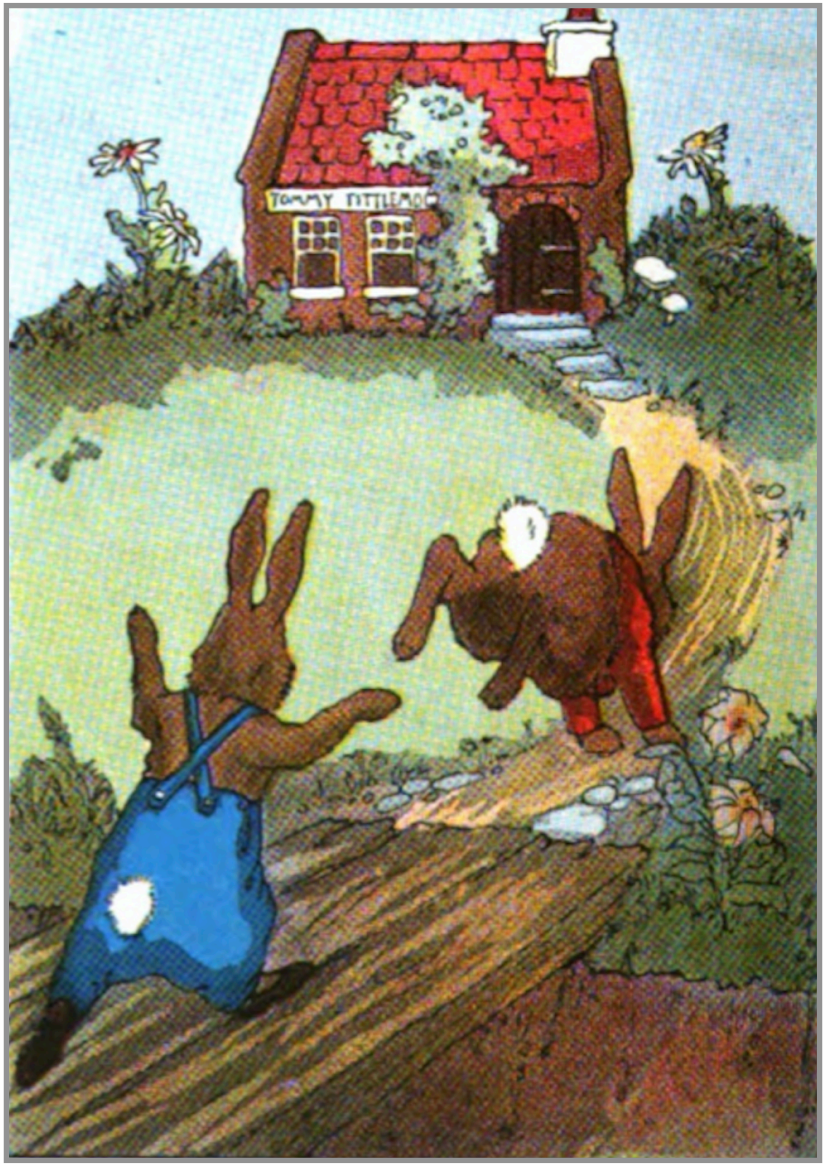
"Would he take us a-fishing?" asked Peter.

"Of course he would," answered Little Miss Muffet.

"Then please tell us where he lives," begged Jack-the-Jumper.

"Well," began Little Miss Muffet, "keep on your way until you come to a bridge. Cross the bridge, and turn to the left; then go up the hill and on top of the hill stands a little brown house covered with vines, and that is where he lives."

Gracious! They could hardly wait long enough to say "Thank you" to Little Miss Muffet before they set off at breakneck speed for Little Tommy Tittlemouse's house.


TOMMY PITTLEMOUSE

In a little while they came to the bridge, and they crossed it, and they turned to the left, and dashed up the hill, and there on top of the hill was a little brown house all covered with vines. They knocked on the door, "RAP! RAP! RAP!" and Little Tommy Tittlemouse opened the door. He was a merry-eyed little fellow, and over his shoulder he carried a fishing pole

"Ho!" he exclaimed, and he looked very much surprised nevertheless, to see the two little rabbits on his doorstep. "And what can a fisherman do for you today?"

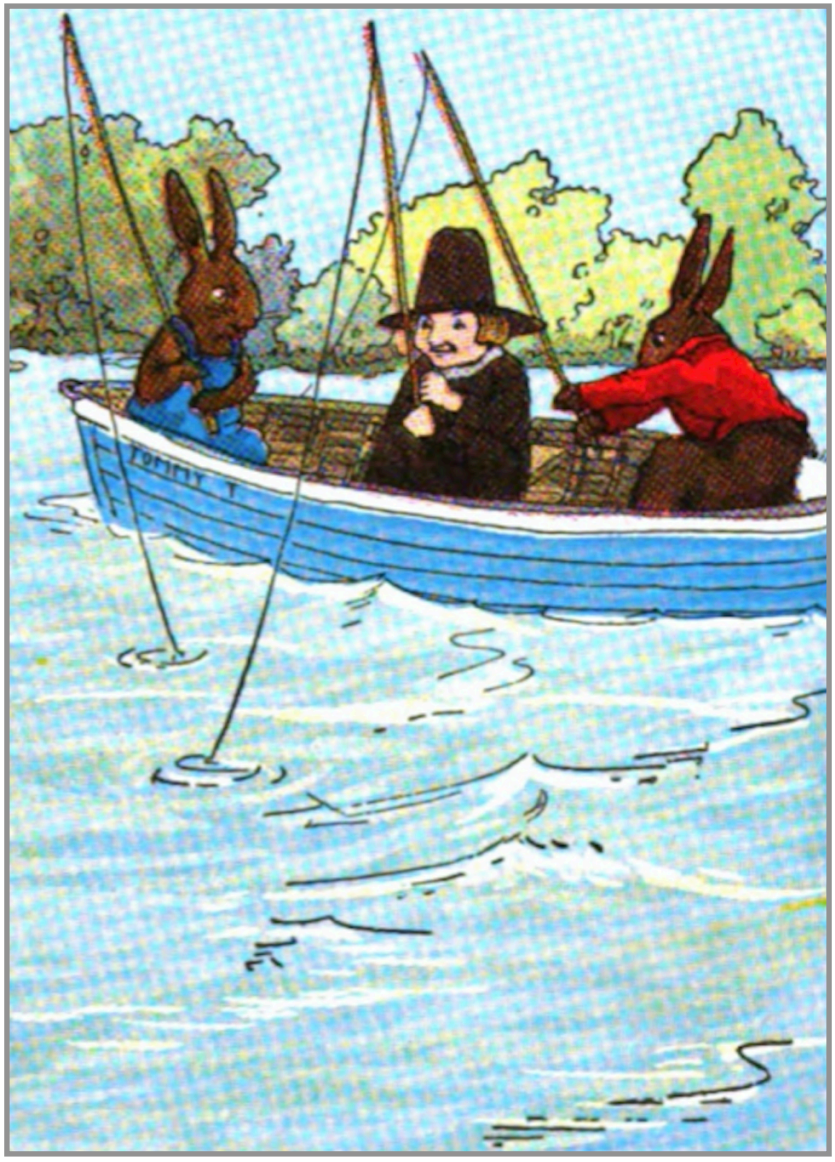
"Take us a-fishing," said Peter who was never slow to express his wishes.

"Bless my buttons!" cried Little Tommy Tittlemouse. "Who ever heard of such a thing? But all the same, if you want to go a-fishing why, then a-fishing you shall go.

Well, first of all, take this little shovel and this little tin can and dig for worms in my yard until you have the little can full. In the meantime I will fix up two little fishing poles, and then we will all go down to Grist Mill Pond and fish all the livelong day."

When Little Tommy Tittlemouse gave Peter Rabbit and Jack-the-Jumper each a little fishing pole, they were so tickled that their ears would not stop wiggling for a long time. Then with their fishing poles over their shoulders, they march off.

Before long they reached the pond, and there was Little Tommy Tittlemouse's little blue boat! Straight way they all went aboard. Peter sat in the bow, and Jack-the-Jumper sat in the stern, while Little Tommy Tittlemouse sat amidships to row.



Presently Little Tommy Titlemouse said: "Now we are going to stop and fish. Keep perfectly still or the fish won't bite." Then Little Tommy Tittlemouse laid down his oars, and showed Peter and Jack-the-Jumper how to bait their hooks.

Then they cast their lines into the water, and before long "SWISH!" up came Little Tommy Tittlemouse's line with a nice little fish dangling on the end. And just then Jack-the-Jumper hauled in a little minnow. Peter looked too downcast for words.

"Don't be discouraged, Peter Rabbit," said Little Tommy Tittlemouse.

"The next thing you know you will pull up a Whopper Fish," Hardly had he spoken before "wiggle, wiggle, wiggle," went Peter's line.

Peter pulled , and the fish pulled, and it must have been a Whopper Fish for it pulled with such mighty jerks that all of a sudden "SPLASH!" and they wll went into the water.

Oh, my! Such a time! But before you could say Jack Robinson, Little Tommy Titlemouse had righted the boat, and caught hold of Jack-the-Jumper and pulled him aboard. Poor Peter was too far away to reach and was shrieking at the top of his voice "HELP! HELP! HELP!"

At that exciting moment who should they see gliding over the water towards them but Sylvie Swan. "Dear me!" she exclaimed. "What is all this disturbance?"

'HELP! HELP! HELP!" still sputtered Peter frantically.

" 'On my word!" exclaimed Sylvie Swan, as she stretched out hier long neck, and opened wide her yellow bill and caught Peter and dumped him "FLOP!" into the boat.

Poor Peter was trembling and shivering from head to foot, but he managed to say,

"Thank you, Miss Swan, for saving my life."

TOMMY

"Tut, tut," replied Sylvie Swan, as she sailed away.

"I--I am sorry I upset the boat," Peter said when at last he could get his breath.

"Let's try again," said Little Tommy Titlemouse.

Then while they sat waiting for the fish to bite again, the nice warm sun dried them off, and before long Little Tommy Tittlemouse said". "Ho!" and pulled up another nice little fish. Then Peter pulled up his line. There was a little fish on the hook.

Then Jack-the-Jumper caught a fish just a little smaller than the fish Peter had caught. Then Little Tommy Tittlemouse rowed the boat over to the opposite shore. They heard merry shouts of laughter from over the hill, and what should they see there but a lovely June Carnival going on.

"Peter," whispered Jack-the-Jumper, "don't you remember that Little Miss Muffet asked us if we were going to the June Carnival?"

"Of course I remember," answered Peter.

Just at that moment Mrs. Betty Beaver, who was giving the June Carnival, saw them.

"You dear little rabbits, and Little Tommy Tittlemouse!" she cried.

"Why you're just in time to join our Maypole dance."

Little Tommy Tittlemouse told her he would be pleased to furnish the music for the Maypole dance for he had brought his little flute with him. Then everybody caught hold of the flying ribbons, and round the pole they dance.

Mrs. Beaver thanked Little Tommy Tittlemouse for his beautiful music, and then they thanked Mrs. Beaver for letting them share in the merrymaking. When they got halfway down the hill Jack-the-Jumper ran back to give Mrs. Beaver his fish.

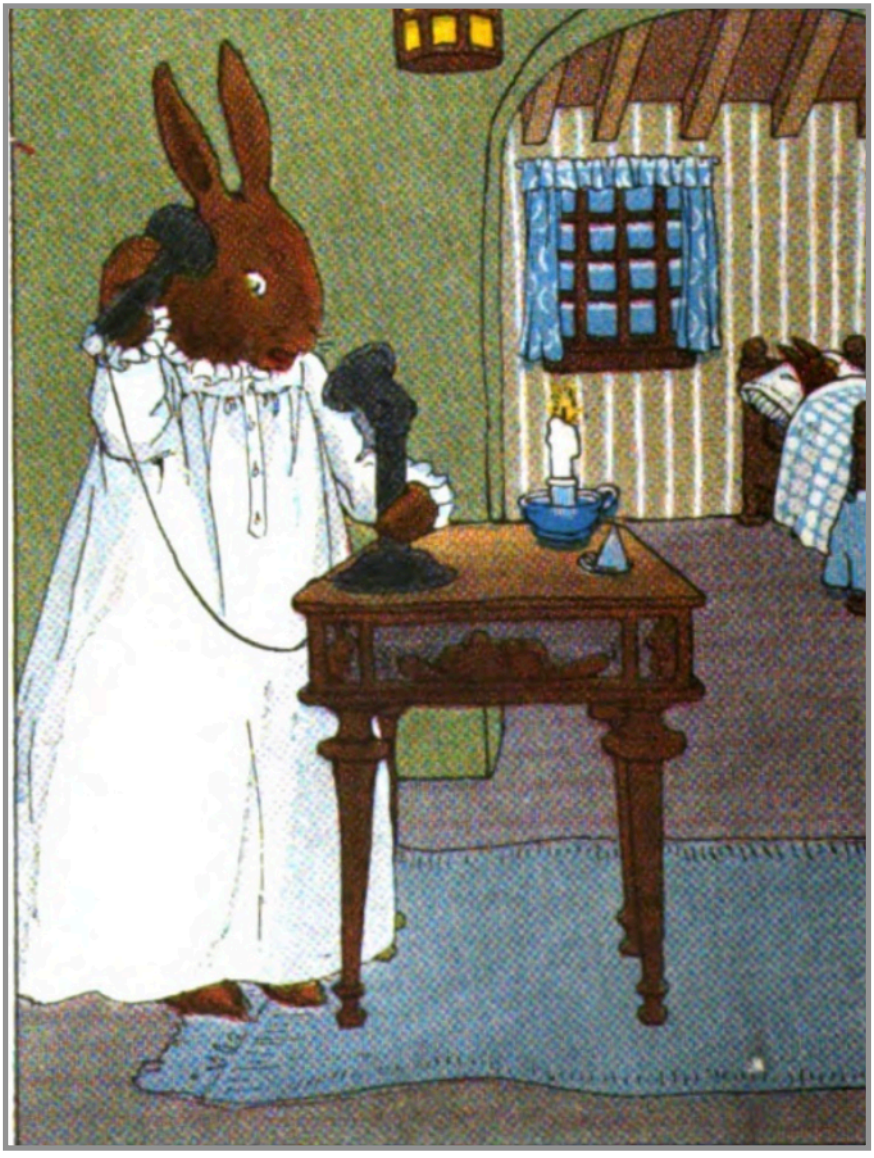
Over and over again they thanked Little Tommy Tittlemouse, and then they hopped away, proudly carrying their fishing poles over their shoulders. Peter carried his fish on a string made from meadow grass.

Grandma Rabbit, and Flopsy, and Mopsy, and Cotton-tail were out on the lawn anxiously waiting for Peter and Jack-the Jumper to return. When at last they arrived Granma Rabbit was so glad to see them that she forgot to scold them, and they all crowded around, want to know all about the fishing poles and the little fish whcih Peter held up for them to see.

Grandma Rabbit scurried into the house and came back with currant cookies for them to take home.

As it ws now growing late, they started off as fast as their little legs would carry them. when they came to Mr. McGregor's farm Peter ran up to the barn where Mrs. Tabby Cat lived and presented her with the little fish he had caught.

Old Mother Rabbit was very happy to see her children home again. They they went to bed early, but Peter developed a heavy chill, and right in the middle of the night Old Mother Rabbit ws obliged to telephone for Old Doctor Hare.



The good old doctor came in a jiffy. He felt Peter's pulse, gave him a pill, and put a hot water bottle to his feet.

Moreover, he told Peter that in the long run little bunnies are always happier when they obey their elders, and that, if Peter had not run away and gone a-fishing, he would not now be obliged to stay in bed with a bad cold.

And Peter whispered in a horse little voice that hereafter he was going to be the best little rabbit in the whole wide world.

THE END

PETER

PETER AND SISTERS

JUMPER

GRANDMA

MRS. TABBY CAT

MRS. BEAVER

Gunston Classics

LINDA ALMOND
USA
1881-1987

PETER RABBITS' BIRTHDAY

PETER RABBIT AND LITTLE WHITE RABBIT

WHEN PETER RABBIT WENT TO SCHOOL

PETER RABBIT'S EASTER

PETER RABBIT AND THE OLD WITCH WOMAN

WHEN PETER RABBIT WENT A-FISHING

PETER RABITS' WEDDING